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My fervent prayer is that the anti-peace men, in the Senate and out of it, may soon become an extinct species in American citizenship. What we as Christian citizens should wish for our nation is that she should take up with a strong hand the cause of right, with a firm spirit pursue the course of honor, and with abiding purpose strive to obtain unto righteousness of national character, and set the star of her empire in the centre of her vision of an ultimate civilization called of God to seek peace, love and goodwill for all the race. In these last Christmas-tides of this century, as we look to God and pray "Thy kingdom come," we must not do it in mockery, but accompany our petition with a sincere effort to bring into the world His Kingdom which is of peace, no less than of love and grace.

The European Concert and Peace.

After enumerating a number of the events showing the general unrest of the nations and their disposition to act selfishly and alone, the London *Spectator* gives its judgment that the European Concert is powerless as an instrument of peace. Unfortunately the *Spectator* which is otherwise an able journal, has no great moral word to offer, to help the world find the way to peace. The excitement of war, and rumors of war, and of the check-mate movements of great, selfish armed powers, is too charming to the imagination of many great journals to allow conscience to sit often in the editorial chair. However, the *Spectator* pronounces the European Concert a failure. Here is its judgment:

"From these facts which are all patent and undeniable, what deductions? There are, we think, two, each of which is of some pressing importance. In the first place, the Concert neither is, nor can be, as Lord Salisbury hopes, 'the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.' That it is not is evident without discussion; each power, whenever irritated or excited by greed, obviously and avowedly seeks its own ends even at the risk of war; and we fail, we confess, to perceive, after much thought, how it can be. The only method would be to insist that any power, before it resorted either to violence or treats of violence, must lay its case before the great Tribunal; but would any one of the powers agree to that in any emergent or very serious case? Would Great Britain, for instance, agree that Europe should settle whether she should have any more foreign territory, or France submit to be told that she wanted too much in west Africa, or Russia agree to surrender her claims to the Turkish reversion, or even Austria bear to refrain from avenging her diplomatic honor, which appears to have been really insulted, at the bidding of any committee whatsoever? As to Germany submitting to Europe her claim to a naval station in China, she would suspect from the first that it would be rejected, all other powers being content, and would therefore never agree to plead. As for America, the statesmen of Washington would simply reject such a pretension, seeing clearly that if it were allowed Europe must discuss the validity of the Monroe doctrine, and would, in all human probability, decide that it had in international law no place. And if any power were so recalcitrant, what is the Concert to do? Is it to light up the flame of war in order that Germany in China, or France in West Africa, or the United States in the Pacific, may be compelled to abstain from an acquisition which to half the world is of

no importance whatever? The suggestion is not reasonable, and the Concert therefore must as an instrument for compelling the continuance of peace be pronounced almost powerless. It may become powerful when the world is satisfactorily distributed, and it may be possible to decree that there shall be no territorial alteration; but until that happy stage in human progress has been reached it must, except as regards eastern Europe, be in the position of a court before which no one is compelled to plead, and which, if it does issue a decree, has no power with which, if any one resists, to compel obedience. It is, therefore, necessary that every power should be armed to the teeth, because it may be compelled to act alone; and in that necessity is, as it seems to us, the final condemnation of the Concert. It not only cannot ensure peace, but it cannot relieve that strain under which all the civilized nations are suffering more loss than they have ever suffered except from war. If the Concert really meant an approach of the nations towards mutual confidence it would render partial disarmament safe; but it does not mean this. On the contrary, during the whole time that it has existed every nation has been furnishing its arms, and spending millions more than usual in order to be ready against a catastrophe which can only occur if the jealousies of the nations, always smouldering, should be suddenly fanned to fever-heat. The Concert has given them no new sense of security, and no confidence that, as justice is sure to be done in the end, it is needless to be always prepared to defend yourself with your own weapons.

But then supposing all dreamy hopes are false, the Concert has at least preserved the European peace. Has it? That peace has, happily, been preserved; but whether the historian of the future will attribute the preservation to the Concert, or to the new alliances, or to the still newer dread which has sprung up among the kings and statesmen of the frightful consequences which a modern war might entail, remains a question to be settled. To our mind the second seems the stronger reason, not only because it involves the third, but because the alliances have destroyed a certain sense of hope which formerly inspired the great governments. They were always looking for, and usually finding, allies, who in the nick of time either reversed the conclusions of battle, or protected the defeated from suffering too much. Now that Europe is distributed into two camps there are no allies to be hoped for, except, indeed, Great Britain, which, as the whole continent believes, will stand aside in magnificent selfishness taking no part, but when the combatants are exhausted, seizing all the possessions far away which she thinks would increase her profits or her prestige. The world expects the war, if it occurs, to be a war *à outrance*, and therefore avoids it, and expects it to be avoided. Duels are very rare when the duellists must fight across a handkerchief."

Right and Reason in the Peace Movement.

We take from a German paper the following summary of a lecture recently given at Heilbronn, Germany, by Pastor Otto Umfrid, of Stuttgart, one of the most vigorous, wise and untiring advocates of peace on the European continent.

The friends of peace find here and there that an

entirely false conception of them is held. They are often considered as fellows without a country, as senseless enthusiasts, etc. These prejudices, which often rise up like mountains, arise from the fact that people pass judgment upon us before they hear us. If we were as stupid as we are pictured to be, and should, for example, demand that Germany proceed singlehanded to disarm, people would be justified in casting us aside as they do pieces of old iron. But we are not so stupid. We do not look upon men as angels, nor do we think it necessary that they should become angels before the idea of peace can be realized. Conflict will not disappear from the world; but it is our opinion that conflict need not always be carried on in a brutal and bloody way, but can be carried through in an entirely different manner.

We do not overlook the dangers which manifest themselves in the historic development of nations. We are not as unpatriotic as we are slanderously reported to be. Our German empire is rooted in the affections of our hearts. Purely from patriotism do we wish it kept from war, the greatest national misfortune which can happen. But there are two kinds of patriotism. There is a hurrah-patriotism, which indulges in chauvinism, in the delusion that extent of territory constitutes national greatness, in the one-sided policy of self-interest, in the abominable self-exaltation of a people, in the childish deification of national heroes. With this we have nothing to do. We do not join in singing, "Deutschland über alles" (Germany above everything.) That is idolatry. It is unjust to set a part above the whole. The purpose of history is not the nation, but the weal of humanity, which can be reached only through the coöperation of the separate nations. It may *appear* patriotic to try to promote the national greatness irrespectively of other peoples. It is much more patriotic to seek the welfare of one's own nation in connection with that of other nations. It may *appear* patriotic to spend millions for cannon and muskets; in reality it is much more patriotic to satisfy the hunger of a people for improvement, to alleviate misery, to render a people contented and happy. In this way one can better serve his native country than by promoting powerful armaments.

We are not so confused in our ideas and utopian as to believe that peace can be established at a single stroke in all its fulness over the entire earth. We know perfectly that we are still very far away from this condition. In our movement the first and central question is, "Is war avoidable, or is it unavoidable?" We assert that it is avoidable, because we believe in the progress of humanity, in the perfectibility of the human race. The ground for this belief is found in the previous development of mankind, and in the history of peoples. There was a time when the German tribes stood over against one another armed to the teeth. These same tribes have since united into a great empire. We shall also live to see a time when the great nations, too, will unite in a confederation of peoples. We will not say United States of Europe, but Confederate States of Europe.

In this matter, we believe in the victory of right and of reason. The simple rational consideration that one is less than ten, and that a small slice of land is of less worth than the existence of the whole land, will bring peoples to union. When a high court over peoples shall be established, then will many acts of injustice be avoided.

We friends of peace are likewise not as unhistoric as we are reproached with being. Of course we do not regard as great, persons who are pointed out, in the ordinary teaching of history, as great. We do not believe that conquerors like Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, have been the greatest men of the world's history. We look for the great in another direction. Christ, Paul, Augustine, Luther, Buddha, Zoroaster, etc., philosophers like Kant have done a thousand times more for humanity. The unknown man who invented the wheelbarrow has done more for humanity than he who has thrown parts of the world into confusion.

We hold war as entirely irrational because it is the most inappropriate means possible of deciding that which it is set to decide. By war it is not decided who is right, but who is the stronger, who is the better armed, who has the most rifles and cannon. And war is irrational because it always bears within itself the germ of a new war. We are not proposing to do away with all army and means of defense. Some sort of a police force will always be necessary. But if an international agreement can be brought about, we shall no longer need the rapid increase of armaments which we have heretofore had. The constant increase of armaments does nobody any good except the makers of cannon. The cost of the present armies is something monstrous. The debts of the Empire have thereby rapidly increased. How much misery could be put out of the world by means of this money! How many of our worthy subordinate railway and post-office employees could be better cared for! In case of the destruction caused by hailstorms how the poor people might again be set upon their feet! And how many of the purposes of civilization might be advanced!

Neither reason nor right is on the side of war. War is a wrong, a crime. We protest against war also in the name of Christianity and of humanity. Over the doorway of the New Testament stand the words, "Peace on Earth," "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you." Even in the Old Testament stand sayings of wonderful wisdom. Are these simply empty words, and shall they remain so? Episodes of the recent wars (given by the speaker) show that war sets at naught everything human. Out of the history of art, out of the code of morality one may draw the right to protest against war. And not only against war, but also against the incitements to war which certain newspaper writers are guilty of.

This condition of things can be changed by the erection, over the nations, of a tribunal which shall be composed of representatives of the separate sovereigns.

The sovereign rights of the nations must of course not be interfered with. A policy of conquest must no longer be followed. Frederick the Great himself once declared that between a conqueror and a street robber there is only this difference, that the conqueror receives a crown of laurel while the street robber gets a halter, which the conqueror twice as much deserved. That even a union of the peoples of Europe into a single empire is conceivable, is shown by the example of the German emperor, setting the union of the peoples of Europe against the Asiatic danger.

The Russian emperor too has given expression to his desire for peace. A French counsellor of state just

recently, at the opening of a court of appeal, spoke in terms of praise of arbitration and declared that the idea of peace is to be the leading idea of the future. On the side of the peace associations stand the greatest poets and philosophers, jurists and even statesmen; and the women, too, for the sake of their sons. It is nonsense to say that a good, rousing war is necessary in order to free a people from its scrofulous elements. During a war the scrofulous folk remain sitting behind the stove, while the fresh, healthy blood is poured out on the battlefield.

The speaker closed his discourse with a picture drawn by a poet after the death of the Emperor William I. The Emperor is riding over the bridge to Walhalla to go to his forefathers. On the bridge stand warriors with waving flags. At the end of the bridge the Emperor stops, takes from his breast a red rose and throws it into the throat of the last cannon, saying: "Be still, thou hast thundered enough; henceforth let there be peace on the earth."

The Little Old Lady in Black Dress.

BY M. V.

Translated from the *Revue Libérale Internationale*.

She was accustomed to move quietly along the roads, jogging along always at the same short mechanical pace, which one imagined must continue forever.

At the house of Uncle Arsène I saw her often on Sundays when she was invited to those "breakfasts" which lasted till the first sounds of the vesper bells.

She was a puzzle to us,—my cousins and me,—with her decrepit figure, her eyes continually wandering, her hands, gloved with silk mittens, which with a constant movement kept picking up the bread crumbs which remained on the table cloth.

We sixteen-year-old young girls did not bother ourselves further about her. We did not know, and did not seek to find out, what griefs of former times had shut up the soul of the little old lady in black dress.

Sometimes, during the winter, when though few in number we met in the large salon, and before the cheery fires amused ourselves talking of people and things, Uncle Arsène would say to us:

"Ah, if you had only seen her thirty years ago, so proud of her finely-tinted nose, her brownish curls, with her muslin skirts, her white stockings and enticing pagoda sleeves, frizzed, perfumed! A charming, tripping little dove, such as one would rarely find!"

We were incredulous. In our astonishment, we tried in vain to make the unattractive form of the little old lady in black dress, whom we knew, look like the fine, exquisitely drawn picture of her as she was in former times.

Giving expressions to his inmost thought, Uncle Arsène concluded:

"Yes, time and grief make sad work of it." As we asked him no questions, he said nothing further to us, not wishing to trouble our youth, so unconcerned about future years, by recounting to us what crushing affliction the little old lady in black dress had suffered.

He acted wisely, because, supposing the future like the present, we did not borrow any trouble on its account; because, also, perhaps it might be under the

pressure of some such painful reveries that our own unfurrowed brows might some day become wrinkled.

We were, however, to discover the grief of former days, the distressing shock which had made of the dainty girl in muslin skirts a little old lady in black dress, a poor disorganized marionette moved about by chance, committing incessantly inoffensive improprieties, whom people received, partly through habit, because she was very worthy, very good, taking up little room, always afraid of being a burden and ready, in all sincerity, to do any service provided it did not derange in the least the settled traditions of her likings and her infantile whims.

On that day, I know not why, we had consented to abandon our tennis rackets and the sanded croquet ground, in order to accompany Uncle Arsène to a little brick yard, at which no bricks had been made for a long time, but which, distant only a few minutes walk in the heated plain, was often the object of a short walk because of a few trees which the tillers of the soil had been kind enough to leave there. These trees, situated in this extremely rich and productive plain, cast a light, thin shade, which was doubly charming because found in this unexpected place.

The little old lady in black dress followed us, slowly. The road wound along and unrolled itself like a ribbon. Straightening herself up she saw at the extremity of it the village station, and from time to time trains going at great speed towards Paris.

Paris was one of her innocent whims. She had a dread and yet an instinctive love of the city. She no longer dared to venture into it—little old lady in black so calm, so lonely in her big deserted house—but she retained a bright vision of it, made up, without doubt, of the cherished memory of muslin skirts, and of the little lights, the mysterious brilliancy which, here and there, on the nights of the Fourteenth of July, from her bed, she saw gleaming in the distance, in the sombre heaven.

In order to reach the brick yard it was necessary to pass in front of the neighborhood cemetery. This, surrounded with a tile walk, stretched gently away, beautiful and charming, seeming rather to be the melancholy garden of all souls seeking a refuge from trouble, of all hearts weary of suffering; the retreat for ineffable repose of all those whom Life had been unwilling longer to torment. As the weather-beaten tombs did not awaken any idea of sadness or of destruction, as the chapels had the appearance of diminutive white villas, as a pious hand had planted along the narrow walks, flowers which were opening out like smiles, we felt inclined to enter.

The little old lady in black dress stopped short, then, without bidding us good-bye, went away abruptly, quickening her short mechanical step a little, without turning a single time to look back.

Uncle Arsène threw back his head as if put to confusion.

"By entering here," he said, "we have awakened in her painful memories."

This time, somewhat distressed, we put questions to him, with choking throats. We had a sense of something infinitely painful, which had not yet lost the mark of the tears of the little old lady who was going away.

"Well," said Uncle, "You are old enough; come, and you shall know the story."

We followed Uncle Arsène, making as little noise as